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Hindering Prayer.

There are some conditions to prayer being answered. In the first place, there must be true adoration. It was when Abraham fell on his face before God that his prayer was answered.

Then, there must also be confession. The reason our prayers are so cold and remain unanswered is because there is something in our hearts. If we don't confess our sins our prayers will be lifeless.

A woman once came to me and said that she was very unhappy because she could not convert her husband. He was a pretty good Christian when she married him, but he had drifted away.

I asked her if she ever lectured him, and she confessed that she did. I told her that unless she went to him and confessed her wrong doing she would never have any influence over him. She told me afterward that when her husband came home that night she fell on his neck and kissed him and confessed her own weakness. It was not long before she had won him to Christ. She said to me, 'I thought I was happy the day I was married, but the happiest day of my life was when I won my husband for God.'

Nothing chills prayer like cold formality, I don't fear the infidels and atheists as much as I do the cold formalism that has crept into the church. The words may be beautiful, but they don't come from the heart.

Another element is restitution. A lady came to me in England once and said that she had years ago taken five bottles of rare wine from a man she was nursing and that she could not pray because every time she knelt down those five bottles of wine came up before her. I told her she must make restitution. She said she couldn't, because the man was dead, but she would give the money to the Lord. I told her she didn't owe it to the Lord, and he did not care for stolen money and she must find one of the heirs. Well she did, for the son was living and she got $25 and took it to him, explaining the whole matter. He didn't want it, and said that the wine didn't cost that much. 'I don't care,' he replied, 'I don't want any of that debt to remain on my soul.' Later on that woman became a power in the church.

If there's anyone here not willing to confess, his prayers won't go higher than his head. That's what makes skeptics.

Don't pray if you owe money. If I owe a man five dollars and won't pay him, it's not a bit of use in my praying. It's wrong for a man to pray who doesn't live as he should. I don't want any man to shout, 'Hallelujah! Bless the Lord! Glory to God!' who doesn't pay his debts. Don't sneak around corners and dodge your creditors, and think then to get God's ear. God hates a sham. God hates a fraud. If you've wronged anyone and will not make restitution your prayers won't be heard. There must be truth in the inward parts.

We must not only confess our sins but we must turn from them if we want our prayers to go farther than the breath we use in uttering them.

What's killing lots of our prayer meetings? It's because there are lots of men praying there who have no business to be there. Let them get right, let each person get right, and then see what power there'll be in our meetings.

Never ask God to do something you can do yourself. Do your best to do the right thing and God will come in and help you.

All of us can pray. Let us get out of the way everything that hinders prayer, and we will have the fires of Pentecost here in New York.—D. L. Moody.

The High Priest's Jewels.

Many beautiful thoughts are suggested by the breast-plate worn by the Jewish high priest when he ministered in holy things, especially when he went into the holy of holies to make atonement once a year In that breast-plate were twelve precious stones on which were graven the names of the twelve tribes. These names the priest bore over his

heart when he went into the tabernacle or temple to make atonement and intercession. He was not to pray for himself alone. He would have been untrue to his sacred trust if he had not thought of each of the tribes and the people of each and prayed to him who dwelt between the cherubim on their behalf.

This is a reminder of what our Lord Jesus is doing for us continually. If the apostle could write to the people to whom he had preached that gospel, 'I have you in my heart,' if we can say that concerning those whom we hold dear, how much more true this is of our Lord who gave himself as our ransom upon the cross! His ransomed ones are far too precious for him even to permit them to pass out of his mind and heart. He bears them in his heart continually as he intercedes on their behalf before the throne of mercy.

Perhaps we do not make enough of our Lord's ministry of intercession. Perhaps we do not consider how essential it is to our salvation—just as essential as the atonement itself. Listen to what the inspired apostle says in Hebrews vii., 25: 'Wherefore also he is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God through him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.' We often assure our hearts by the earlier part of this declaration, but do we keep in mind the great reason for this assurance, 'Seeing he ever liveth to make intercession?'

Think you our High Priest ever loses sight of one of his jewels? He knows that they are exposed to perils, but this is all the greater reason why they should be continually surrounded by his omnipotence as a shield. King Edward keeps continually a strong guard around the crown jewels of England. They are kept within a strong iron cage in the Tower of London, itself a strong garrison, surrounded by heavy walls and occupied by garrisons of soldiers continually. But these general precautions are not enough. British yeomen have not forgotten that one night, years ago, a man attempted to enter the strong cage and carry away the treasures. So day and night special guards are detailed to keep constant watch over them. And think you not that the Lord of Glory, our Redeemer, keeps not a special and continual guard over those whom he calls his jewels? They are to him as precious as the apple of his eye, and whoever or whatever touches them touches the apple of his eye. And he says concerning them, 'They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels.' —'Christian Union Herald.'

'Tithes of all I Possess.'

A lady sat in her quiet, beautiful room. In the early morning she had read the words of the Pharisee: 'I give tithes of all I possess,' and now, in thought, she was reviewing the busy day's work; but all through the crowded hours the words had followed her persistently, and she found herself continually repeating, 'I give tithes of all I posses.'

Shopping in the crowded stores, poring over the wealth of new books, choosing the exquisite roses for her sick friend and the beautiful picture for her young daughter, sitting in her sunny home with fingers moving swiftly over beautiful fancy work, continually the refrain ran on: 'I give tithes of all I possess.'

It annoyed her, as she had often been annoyed by the strain of a foolish song, caught up by the memory and reiterated mechanically.

'It was a miserable Pharisee who said it,' she reflected, 'and I don't know why I should be haunted by it. It is much the easier way to keep the peace between your conscience and so many conflicting claims. When I've laid aside my tenth I feel perfectly comfortable over the rest of the dollar.'

Silence for a few moments in the busy brain and then a little laugh, with the thought: 'The Pharisee seems to have been perfectly comfortable about the rest of his dollar or shekel. I suppose the great trouble with him was feeling too comfortable about his tithes —as if that ended the matter. I never felt so, I am sure. My tithe is a real thank-offering, not a tax.'

Again the needle sped on its way, but the face above it grew every minute graver and more thoughtful, until at last the hands lay

idle in the lap and the eyes were lifted to gaze slowly about the beautiful room, taking in its charm and harmony and comfort.

'Tithes of all I possess,' said the mistress of the home. 'I never thought before how much that meant, and what a very small part of my possessions the money was. It would mean a tithe of my time, and my thought, and my ingenuity, and my ability to make things go. I've always said, "I will give; but I will not be on committees and take responsibility and get other people to work." I've paid my fees, but I would not take time to go to the missionary meetings. I've subscribed for our missionary paper, but never had any interest in reading it. I cannot honestly say as much as the Pharisee did.

'"All I possess"—that would mean love, human love, that makes me blessed among women. I am sure I never gave that. I never in my life gave any real love to those women whose lives are empty of it. I haven't taken time to love them. I have just let them be crushed out of my thoughts. I don't know just what good love could have done them; but it might have done me good, made me more grateful, more generous, more eager to help, and that would have reached them.

'"All I possess," would mean opportunity and influence with others; it would mean the beauty and rest and delight of my home; but how could I tithe that except with those who can be brought in to share it?

'If I had plenty of money I should love to help in every other way, but I have no talent for personal giving. Yet that was the way Christ helped—"Who loved us and gave himself for us"—first the love, and then the giving of himself.

'Perhaps, if I had the love, really, truly, in Christ's measure, the giving would be easier. I might even have to give, for Paul says: "The love of Christ constraineth us." Well, I'll never say again: "I give tithes of all I possess."'

She sighed and took up her needle, but it moved slowly now, and in place of the haunting words, a gentle, persuasive voice seemed to whisper, 'Freely we have received, freely give.' 'Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.' 'Wherefore receive ye one another, as God for Christ's sake hath received you.' The tears began to fall, and in the quiet, beautiful room David's prayer of thanksgiving ascended again: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.'—American Paper.

Cyril.

(CONCERNING ONE SAUL OF TARSUS.)

'Pray for them that persecute you.'

(Arthur Chamberlain, in the 'Independent.')

Cyril, a prisoner condemned to death—
Yea, even to the lions—greeteth thee,
Felix, my well-beloved in the Lord;
Grace, mercy, peace, to thee be multiplied!

Thy scroll came safely; I have read thy words.
My blessing on thee, that thou standest fast
And lovest me, yea, even to the end!
But, O my son! From whom didst thou learn hate
And cries for vengeance? Not so taught the Christ!

Ay, Saul of Tarsus! Well I know his wrath!
Who told the praetor where I lay concealed?
Who cries aloud: 'He hath blasphemed the Lord,
Jehovah, and the crime demands his death'?
Who daily maketh ravage in the Church?
Who causeth mothers to sit desolate?
Who joyed at Stephen's death—first of the saints
To seal with death his never-dying Faith?
Thou sayest. For these things the wrath of God
Shall smite him; he shall perish in his sins!

Dost thou, indeed then know the mind of God?
Hast thou instructed him—his counsellor?
We have the mind of Christ; we hear his words:
'Father, forgive them!' And his pitying plea:
'They know not what they do!' Meet wrath with wrath?
Call on the fire of God to shrivel him?
Or say that men are righteous instruments
Of vengeance from on high? Stir up revolt?
Send envoys to the Parthian, offering
Our aid against the Roman; so he will
Shield us from those who persecute and slay?
Why, then is Christ's the kingdom of this world;
And Satan triumphs, yielding unto Him
These earthly glories as the recompense
And price of His allegiance! Darest thou
To haggle thus for Him, to whom is given
All power alike in Heaven and on earth?

Do I reproach thee, O my son in Christ?
Nay, I must not forget thy warlike youth,
Schooled in the Roman camp, and early taught
That force is all in all; it clings, it clings!
Who conquers? He who smites his foe and leaves
The enmity untouched, or he who checks
The enmity and makes his foe his friend?

Hadst thou been, from thy youth, a Pharisee—
A Hebrew of the Hebrews, like to Saul—
Reared in that narrow and that rigid creed
That holds the God and Father of mankind
God only of the seed of Abraham;
One to be worshipped with the outward rites
Of sacrifice lustration, prayers by rote,
Prostrations, posturings; thus, thus, and so—
Then, suddenly, hadst felt a mighty wind
Blow through these dry, dead leaves of ritual,
Starting them all a-flutter; while thy heart,
Long nested there asleep, waked all amazed
To find that shelter scattered; knowing not
The larger shelter of the universe.
What—thus I make an end—wouldst thou have done,
Half-frantic at the seeming loss of all?

Art thou, too, of the darkness? Dost thou think,
To triumph, grinding Saul beneath they heel?
Then go thy way proclaiming. 'This is Thine!
Thy victory, O Christ!' What if the love,
The eternal purpose of Almighty God,
Hath other use for Saul? What if the light,
Blinding his vision, purgeth it at length,
And he go forth, commissioned and declared
Brave soldier and true servant unto Christ?

Farewell! One goes, one tarries; we abide
Not parted, tho' apart. Thou hast my prayers,
And I have thine; pray not for me alone,
Nor for the martyrs only—pray for Saul!

Patriotic Women of Japan.

The present war means a great deal to Japan in every way, but its effects in the breaking down of caste lines and the absorption of all ranks of society in patriotic self-devotion is sure to be epoch making whatever the result of the contest. The nation is a unit. The men are in the field, the women are organized in relief and aid societies. William Dinwiddie, the special correspondent of 'Harper's Weekly,' in an interesting article describes these organizations and their work, which consists in practical training for nursing and first aid to the wounded, the preparation of bandages—eighteen thousand in a month by one society—the visiting and aid of soldiers' families, the making of clothing, the collecting of money for Red Cross and relief work. These organizations and co-operations largely officered by the wives and daughters of the Japanese nobility, but open to all other classes, make for a unification of feeling among women which is essentially democratic. Such popular fusions of thought are one of the compensations of war and in their effect upon the home life of Japan must bring great and wholesome changes.

A manifesto posted on the walls of Paris by order of the French Government declares that 'alcoholism is chronic poisoning due to the drinking of spirits, even though such indulgence does not lead to drunkenness. It is a mistake,' adds the poster, 'to say that alcohol is of service to men engaged in work that puts a strain upon the muscles, or that it gives heart to the workman and enables him to withstand fatigue.'

Helpful Mothers.

The pet name given to the old Napoleon by his army was 'The Hundred Thousand.' A holy mother is worth a hundred thousand other people in God's service. No human being is more beautiful than a noble, queenly, Christly mother, with her sons and daughters looking to her for counsel and coming to her for the settling word on every question, little and large, her own blood-washed soul drawing its strength from him to follow whom Hebrew mothers risked all, and to whom they brought their hearts' treasures, their little children.

None can ever hope to wield the power for good that God has put into the mother's hand. She shapes the life. We are what our mothers make uc, except as the supernatural powers come in to work 'in us to will and to do' of their 'own good pleasure.'

Old Jerome said that he could tame the lion of the desert; but only the Lord Almighty could tame the lion, Jerome. Only the Lord Almighty can undo the mother's doing in a human soul. If she frets ever so secretly, her children will be fretful. If she is bright in her disposition, they will be joyful. If she has Christ in her soul they will be devout. If the blood of Christ saves her from the taint of worldliness, they will give their lives to the Lord. If there is inconsistency between her profession of heart purity and her life at home, they will doubt the genuineness of that work in anybody's soul. Their hearts will be set against the doctrine of full salvation.

Of all who live, mothers need most sorely the blood that cleanses and the grace that keeps clean.—Jennie F. Willing.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Aug., 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Tom Carter's Single Lesson.

There was no help for it! I had missed the last train, and must walk home. But I knew the way pretty well, and was soon speeding along, when suddenly the silence of night was broken by a sound of singing. For a moment I stopped to listen, but the voice soon ceased. On turning a sharp corner, I found myself face to face with a policeman. As his time of duty was up, and my home lay near his own, he turned and walked with me.

'What were you singing, just now?' I asked him.

'Well, I was just having a verse of my favorite hymn: "Jesus, Lover of my Soul"—the best hymn in the whole world, sir.'

Something in the man's voice told me that there must be some deep real reason for this preference; so I asked him why that hymn, above all others, was so precious.

'Because it brought me to Christ.' The words came very slowly and solemnly; and, after a pause, he continued: 'Shall I tell you about it? For I'm never tired of telling how Jesus met me.

'Well, sir, it's nearly thirteen years since I joined the force, and there wasn't a man in it had a better chance than I. But I hadn't the courage to say "No"—and I do believe a policeman gets more temptation than any other man—so I soon found myself linked on to a set of mates whose greatest pleasures in life were drinking and gambling. Of course, this brought me into scrapes, until one day my superintendent told me that on the next complaint I should be dismissed from the force.

'Well, sir, you must know that my wife was very much taken up with a mission hall near home. She often asked me to go with her, and sometimes, by way of a change, I would; I liked the singing, and I've got a pretty good voice myself, and can sing by note.

'I suppose the choir-leader there must have found this out, for one day he called at my house and said he had come to ask me a favor. There was a tea-meeting coming off the next week, and four of the choir were going to sing a quartette—a new arrangement of the old hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul"—only the tenor had been suddenly called away, so would I take his place?

'Well, he left me the music, and I had a try at it, but somehow I couldn't get on. It was so different from anything I had been used to; but I tried again, and just as I was in a real fix over it, in comes Mrs. Baines, our district lady.

'"Ah," she says, "you've got hold of something pretty now!"

'"Pretty enough, ma'am, but it's rather difficult. I can't get on with it."

'"It is a troublesome bit," she says; "but if you like to come up to my house to-morrow evening I'll try it with you."

'Well, she was as good as her word, and took a deal of trouble to get me right, and I soon got hold of it with her help; but just as I was coming away, she says to me very quietly: "Carter, have you been singing the truth, or singing lies, that is, do you really feel what you say?"

'For a minute I couldn't see what she was driving at, but says she: 'You have just sung:

'Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find.'

Now is that true? I thought you found more pleasure in drink, in sin, in the world than in Christ."

'Ah, sir, if ever a fellow was taken aback, I was then! After a minute, she put her hand on my shoulder and said: "Be honest, Carter, and if you don't want Christ, don't sing that you do, for it's an awful thing to mock God like that;" and, without another word, she quietly opened the door for me to go out.

'I shall never forget that walk home, sir; I couldn't get the thought out of my mind: "Singing lies to God!"

'Two or three days and nights passed until I could bear it no longer, and I determined to go up to Mrs. Baines and tell her how wretched she had made me. She didn't seem a bit surprised, but she only said to me very quietly, "I've been praying for this, Carter. I'm so glad you're wretched, for I begin to think it's true that you do want Christ."

'"I want something I haven't got, ma'am," I said, "I can't go on like this." She reached up and took down the hymn-book, and asked me to read the last verse of the hymn aloud—

"Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within."

'"Now," says she, "that's true, Carter. Plenteous grace to cover all your sin is found in Christ. You've been a great sinner, and although you may be sorry for that sin now, that does not put away past guilt." And then she showed me, sir, how Jesus hung upon the cross for me, and how by his death for my sin, I was set free because he had borne punishment for me.

'Well, sir, when I stood up to join in the hymn that had opened my eyes to see my need of Jesus, something seemed to choke me, and I could hardly get a note out at first. But there, I did get through somehow, and when it came to the last verse—

"Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;"

I fairly shouted and almost drowned the other voices; but, you see, my heart was so full I couldn't help it. And ever since then I've been trying to sing for Jesus. I'm not much of a hand at saying anything, but I can sing, and so down at the mission hall, or whenever I get a chance, I try to sing about that precious Saviour

"Who saved a poor sinner like me."'

We had reached the end of our walk together, and so were obliged to part; but although a good distance lay yet between me and home, I could not regret that I had missed my train, for it would be well worth a whole night's weary walking to hear so sweet a story of Christ's pardoning love.—'Cottager and Artisan.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

A Local Preacher Misjudged.

A minister was requested by his members to put a certain local preacher off the plan, as he had been seen frequenting a certain public-house very often of late. He refused to perform so solemn an act without positive proof. It came very unexpectedly a few days later. As he was passing along the street, the local preacher (Mr. Griffiths) was coming out of the very public-house the people had named. Surprised beyond measure, he approached him, with the remark, 'This is not a very nice place for a local preacher to be coming out of, Mr. Griffiths.' 'No,' he replied, 'but you just come along inside with me, and I will show you the cause.' He led him up the stairs, and there on the bed lay the publican's daughter in a state of galloping consumption. Instead of going to the public-house for the purpose of drinking, he had been God's instrument in leading that soul to Christ. Therefore let us be careful, for often by judging half do we misjudge the whole. —Nellie Rider, Missionary-Collector, in the 'Christian Herald.'

'Look Out for God's Postman.'

At Mr. Muller's Orphanage, Ashley Downs, Bristol, it was discovered that the boiler of the heating apparatus was in a dangerous condition. To repair it the brickwork in which it was embedded had to be pulled to pieces. The fires must be put out for at least three days. A bitterly cold north wind was blowing. Mr. Muller had read in the Bible that when Nehemiah was building the temple he accomplished it, 'for the men had a mind to work.' So he prayed for two things—that the north wind might be changed into a south wind, and also that the workmen might have a mind to work. The day that the fires were put out the wind changed and blew from the south, and the children did not feel the cold. When the evening of the first day came, the men asked to speak to Mr. Muller, and said they had been talking it over among themselves, and had all agreed to work all that night, so that the children might not be kept without fires!

How the Mouse Helped the Wren.

A TRUE STORY.

One morning in May the eaves of the old farm house seemed alive with bustle and noise. Two little brown wrens flitted back and forth under the sloping roof and out on the limb of the big branching maple tree. Their incessant chatter finally woke two sisters, May and Flora, who had been taking their morning nap while the sunbeams played hide and seek in the brown and black tresses.

May crept to the window and peeping out cried to her sister, 'Oh, Flora, the little wrens have come back, but they seem to be dissatisfied with their old home; I wonder why?'

Ever since the girls could remember the birds had been yearly visitors to the farm house, and they enjoyed watching them build their nests and raising the baby wrens. The girls dressed hastily and ran down to their breakfast, telling mother the wrens were back again but something was the matter with their old building place. Then they were called away to school.

In the afternoon they decided to have a

tree-party. This they both enjoyed. They would climb the low-boughed maple tree, and sit up there with dolls and books, singing and playing house. Flora filled the basket with a tempting lunch to be eaten up the tree. This basket had been given to her by her aunt Helen. It was a woven one, with cover fitting closely, shaped somewhat like a loaf of bread. A few days before Flora had discovered a hole in the lower corner of her basket, and with woe-begone face had taken it to her mother who told her that a little bright-eyed mouse had gnawed that hole to get the few crumbs left in the napkin.

To-day the basket was tied to a limb and the afternoon passed pleasantly in merry chat and laughter. Late in the day the girls were called to help their mother, and when the work was done it was supper time. After the table was cleared the delightful family hour was spent around the evening lamp. Mother read one of the charming Old Testament stories which the girls loved so well. She had just finished reading of the little Jewish maiden who saved the life of Naaman, when looking up from the Bible she saw the lids slowly closing over a pair of brown eyes and said, 'It is time for my little wrens to go to bed.' They were soon robed in white and kneeling side by side in prayer: then fast asleep in the sound slumber of childhood.

The next morning May awoke first and looked out of the window. In great surprise she exclaimed, 'Why, Flora, what do you really think, the little wrens are going in and out of your lunch basket. I really believe they are building their nest in it.' This was enough to arouse Flora, and she was soon watching the movements of the birds. Yes, they are carrying the materials for a nest through the hole made by the mouse. How busy they were. Flora decided to allow the basket to remain on the tree, although the wrens had not asked permission to use it for their home. The shape of it was just suited to Mr. and Mrs. Wren for the dome-like house which they built inside. The girls frequently climbed up and peeped in the mouse hole. Nothing but coarse twigs showed at the entrance, but they knew back in the farther corner was a downy nest where five or six pale reddish eggs with brown spots rested. Sometimes a little brown head appeared, and bead-like eyes looked down on them.

Nothing disturbed the wrens more than to have 'Fuzzy,' the Angora cat, walk across the piazza. It seemed as if the brown breast of Mr. Wren would burst as he scolded at him, much to the amusement of the little friends.

At last the girls knew the little baby wrens had arrived, as the parent birds carried the worms and other food into the nest. It was not long before the little wrens ventured forth, and after many weak attempts were able to fly. The summer days soon passed, and with the colder weather the birds all started on their journey to the warm southland. The weather-beaten basket was removed from the limb, the lid raised, and the girls saw the empty nest completely filling the basket. In the farther corner was the cozy round place where the baby wrens had burst the shells of the eggs. A passage, like a little tunnel, led through the twigs and straw to the mouse hole, out into the sunshine and air.

The empty basket was put away in the attic, to be brought out again the next spring and hung on the maple tree for house-keeping wrens.—'The Watchman.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

Katy Didn't.

(Belle V. Chisholm, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Her teachers called her Katherine, while in the home where love was abundant and pet names in demand, she went by 'Kate' and 'Kitty' and 'Katydid,' but when she came to the country for a month's stay with her uncle doctor's family Ben nicknamed her 'Katydidn't,' and 'Katydidn't' she became to the entire family.

'It fits her exactly,' was Ben's excuse for the 'n't,' which he affixed to her name. 'She is the biggest "Didn't" I ever saw.'

'What do you mean by that?' asked his sister Esther, confidentially.

'Well, she is just simply afraid to do anything,' answered Ben. 'She will not go skiff riding, nor trust herself behind my ponies; she cannot ride horseback, gets dizzy when she attempts to walk the foot-log over the dam, and runs like a deer if a cow, sheep or the old turkey gobbler chances to cross her path.'

'A regular "fraidy-calf,"' put in ten-year-old Freddy, loftily. 'And she only lacks a month of being thirteen, nearly three years older than I am.'

'And you're such a hero,' teased Ben.

'I'm not afraid of calves and clucking hens, at any rate,' snapped Freddy.

'And you're not a big enough coward to keep on tormenting a girl already scared half out of her wits,' said Ben's twin, Bertha, with a scornful curl of her pretty red lips. 'But I know a boy who is—a great, big fellow—almost fifteen. Captain of the football team, too, and the first two letters of his name are "Benjamin Vance."'

'Now, Bertha, that is not fair,' exclaimed Ben. 'You know it isn't. I do not try to frighten the girl from the city, but I cannot help laughing at her silly "afraids" when no danger is in sight.'

'It is ridiculous, I know,' admitted Bertha; 'but I suppose she cannot help it, and she is dreadfully ashamed of her cowardice.'

'She ought to help it,' insisted Esther 'Why she almost fainted yesterday when Frank cut his finger. It was a very little cut, too, a mere scratch, but the sight of blood made her ill, and if mother had not caught her she would have fallen to the floor. I'd be ashamed to be so weak and useless.'

'But she's from the city, you know,' excused Bertha, a hint of the 'charity that faileth not' in her subdued tones. 'And really she can do some things splendidly. We cannot hold a candle to her when it comes to fancy needlework. Did you ever see anything so beautiful as that dresser-scarf she embroidered for mother?'

'She is a boss hand, too, at making cakes and candies,' admitted Esther.

'And she is always ready to help me with my lessons at night,' Fred hastened to add, now that compliments were in order.

Soon after 'Katydidn't' became a guest in the little house on the knoll, her aunt was taken seriously ill, and for a few days it was feared that she would not rally. She had a good constitution, however, and after the crisis was passed was soon on the highway to health again.

'Keep her free from worry,' counselled the specialist from the city on his last visit, 'and see that no startling sound nor alarming news reaches her. Remember,' he added with emphasis, 'in her present condition a shock would be almost certain to prove fatal.'

Dr. Vance's office was in the village, half a mile distant from the home on the cliff, so that he was necessarily absent much of the time, his sick wife being entrusted to the care of a skilled nurse. One Saturday morning the nurse went home for the day, leaving her patient in charge of the girls, both of whom were then free from school duties.

'Do not let the children become too noisy, girls,' she said, when leaving, 'and under no circumstances whatever allow your mother to be startled or alarmed.'

The girls promised to follow her instructions, and all went well until, while they were sitting round the table at luncheon, Baby Ross, climbing down from his high-chair began to play around the room. Presently there was a terrible scream from the corner where a moment before he had been rattling his toys, and 'Katydidn't' who reached him first, took a bottle half full of carbolic acid out of his little clenched fingers.

'Dear, dear, if I didn't set that bottle out when I was washing the cabinet, and forgot to put it back,' moaned Norah, her big Irish voice adding to the general hubbub.

Katydidn't had the presence of mind to close the door leading into the hall, as she rushed to the suffering baby, and then, as she hurried with him in her arms to the kitchen, she said, with authority, 'Stop all this noise instantly. Bertha, see that all the doors are closed, so that nothing will reach your mother.'

Before dinner Katy had noticed Norah place a bowl of fresh lard on the back of the stove to 'melt slowly,' the girl had explained. For what purpose she did not say, nor did Katy care. But now she wanted it, and with a spoon began pouring it down the baby's poor, burnt throat.

'Go for your father at once,' she said to Ben, the moment she saw the label on the bottle.

'I'll have to walk, as both horses are away, and baby will be dead before I get back,' Ben replied in despair.

'Oh, if we only had a telephone,' cried Esther. 'What shall we do; oh, Katy dear, what shall we do?'

Katy did looked troubled, and then as a bright thought flashed into her mind, she looked up with a smile and said: 'Tie a note to the pigeon's tail and let it loose.'

'What shall I write?' asked Bertha, pencil and tablet in hand.

'Here, give it to me,' said Katy, and in a few words she told of the accident and asked that medicine and directions be returned by the bird at once.

Then Ben fastened the note to the pigeon's tail and let it loose.

'What if father should not be in the office when "Dick" gets there?' asked Bertha.

'I think he will be there,' comforted Katydid, 'but—'

'I'll go down to see,' said Fred, and started on the run.

The doctor had his ponies at the door ready to start to the country, when the pigeon brought him the message, and in just two minutes he had started it back, bearing the medicine and directions for use, and one minute later he stepped into his trap and drove rapidly homeward.

Half-way up the cliff he picked up Freddy, from whose excited talk he learned something about the confusion shut up in the kitchen, and that Katydidn't wouldn't let one of them in to see mother or tell her one word about the poor baby.

Quickly as the father-doctor covered the half-mile between his office and home the pigeon outflew him so far that Baby Ross had

taken his second dose of medicine and was breathing a little easier when he arrived.

'You have saved his life, my Katy,' the grateful father said, as he took the child from her aching arms. 'If you hadn't known what to do and had the presence of mind to do it our darling would have been dead long before any help could have reached him.'

'And mother has slept through it all,' said Esther.

'Thank God for that,' returned the father, laying his hand tenderly on Katy's head. 'You are a brave little "Katydidn't," my dear, and I'm glad you are here.'

'She is not "Katydidn't" now, nor never more, father,' said Ben. 'There have been enough "Katydids" in her work of this last hour to entitle her to the absence of the "n't" forever,' he added. 'I shall never call her a coward again.'

'There are cowards, and cowards,' remarked the father, significantly. 'Some are cowardly and some are the bravest of the brave.'

'And there are none braver than our Katydid, insisted Ben, and no one contradicted him.

His Last Hope.

(Paul P. Faris, in 'Wellspring.')

Larry Hanson, aged eighteen, sat on an old blackened stump in the half-cleared field, and thought. He was trying to evolve some plan of securing an education, but, judging from wrinkled brow and dejected face, he was not meeting with the best of success.

Two years ago, when he had come out from Ohio with his older brother, Tom, to this wooded wilderness of Wisconsin, it had seemed easy enough. Tom himself had never wanted to go to college, but he respected Larry's ambition, and had promised that if he would help him clear the land for two years, after that, if all went well, Larry should go to school.

But all had not gone well. Of course, Tom had meant well enough at first; but who could foretell that within three months he was to meet pretty little Nell Mayson, and fall a victim to her bewitching ways? And when they had been married last March, that ended Larry's first dream of an education.

Then had come that splendid offer from the big store. Mr. Larson, the manager, needed a private secretary, and had offered the place to Larry. That seemed to clear the horizon at once. The wages were very good, and the work was pleasant; already Larry could see himself entering Westonburg Academy that fall for his last year of preparation for college. But all that had lasted just three weeks. At the end of that time, on Saturday evening, Mr. Larson had said:

'Larry, we shall not get quite through to-night. Come round at nine o'clock to-morrow, and we'll have it all finished by noon.'

'To-morrow, sir? On Sunday?' Larry had gasped.

'Yes, of course. You must get accustomed to working a little on Sunday.'

'No, sir; I can't do that,' he had answered, firmly.

'Yes, you can. Look here, Hanson, I don't want any foolishness about Sunday work. I'll not give you much of it, but occasionally there will be a little. If you don't want to hold the job with that understanding, all right.'

'Very well, Mr. Larson. But I shall tell you why I must refuse. You know this is a wild country yet, and there are a great many temptations for a young man. Well, when I left Ohio to come up here, I made two resolutions, which I determined to keep, no matter what else I did. These were, first, to treat other people as I should like to have them treat me; and, second, to keep the Sabbath holy. I don't pretend to be much of a Christian, but I am going to keep those resolutions.'

'Oh, all right. Make what resolutions you please, and keep them as long as you can. But you need not come back on Monday.'

There had vanished Larry's second hope. And it had been all the harder because even Tom had thought he had been a little foolish. But Tom was good-hearted, and after the loss of his place with Mr. Larson offered to share with his brother the proceeds of the crops for that year. Tom was to have the hay and the wheat, Larry the oats and corn. Again did Larry's hopes soar high. But as the late summer advanced, the rains increased in frequency, and that part of the state, always wet enough, was not without a heavy shower for any one week throughout the summer. The result was that Larry's corn could not be planted until late, the ground was damp, and the days were cool, and all crops except hay were far below the average.

Even that had been bad enough. But two weeks ago, on the second day of September, there had come a heavy frost, followed by two more within a week—and corn was a failure. Nothing was left but forage for the cattle, and he could not sell that.

Larry certainly was discouraged. It seemed as though his plans for an education, that year at least, were doomed to utter failure. Nevertheless, there he sat, trying in some way to work out another scheme—a last hope. Yet how it was to be done he could not imagine. There had been one reliance for a time, even in the midst of his first disappointments—his horse, Buckeye. Buckeye was Larry's own property, left him by his father at his death, and he was a fine animal. His young owner had determined to sell him at last, if no other way offered. But even that hope had seemed futile. The hay seed from the timothy that grows so luxuriantly in that region had been so thick the year before that the horse had breathed much of it into his lungs, and now he labored and panted at his work. Truly, it seemed as though Larry's hopes were vain.

There was the land, to be sure. He might prevail on Tom to sell some of it for his benefit. Certainly he had earned a little in his two years. But who would buy it? Except the little that he and Tom had cleared, all was still as it had been left by the lumbermen after they had felled the big trees and had gone on into the virgin forest to the north. Larry raised his troubled head and he looked round at it. Here was this forty-acre field, nothing but an aggregation of enormous stumps, blackened by the fires that had swept across it within the last few years. Across the creek were eighty acres still in thicket and brush. No; no one would buy it as it was, with land as cheap elsewhere.

'I guess there's nothing to do but rely on Buckeye,' concluded Larry, finally. 'I'll ask the horse-trader to come up to-morrow and make me an offer on him. He ought to be worth seventy-five or eighty dollars even now, and I know Peters will give me all he can for him. Then I may be able to earn enough between now and December to make up enough to take me through two terms at Westonburg; and I believe I can get ready for college in that time, if I have to. Yes, Buckeye is my last hope, 'and with a sigh of relief Larry rose from his rough seat and went about his work.

It was an anxious youth that stood by, the next morning, while the horse-trader examined Buckeye. Larry watched the man's face carefully, and as he saw the shrewd head shake a moment, his own hopes sank at once. Then Mr. Peters spoke:—

'Why, Larry, I can't give you anything for this horse. You can see what's the matter with him. He's been a good horse in his own time, and if you'd kept him away from our Wisconsin hay, he'd be good for years yet. But now, with such a case of heaves as that, I can't give you a cent more than twenty-five dollars for him.'

As he finished his inspection and his speech at the same time, Mr. Peters looked up at Larry. The utter dejection that he saw there drew his sympathy at once, and he began to think.

'Now, why can't I help the boy?' he asked himself. 'He's a good fellow, and has always treated me right. A little too pious, maybe, but worth keeping on the good side of. I know I can fix this horse so he can sell it for a good figure; but it wouldn't do to let him know how it was done. He wouldn't stand for it a minute.' Then, turning to the waiting boy, he added:—

'See here, Larry! I just happened to think that old Bob Winfield—you know him?—two miles west, four north, and two west, a half-mile this side of the river—well, Old Bob wants a good, steady horse for his women folks. This horse is just going to suit him, and you yourself know that, crusty as Old Bob is, when he's suited, he'll pay well. Now, I'll tell you,' he added, while Larry's face cleared once more. 'You run into the shanty, put on your best clothes, and I'll saddle your heaving bit of horseflesh while you're gone.'

In an instant Larry was off to the house. No sooner was he out of sight than the horse-trader, well-meaning if not exactly honest all the time, hurriedly led the horse into the stable, was busy over him for a few minutes, and when the owner appeared led Buckeye out ready for his mount.

But what a Buckeye he was! No longer bowed of head, and heaving of flank, but erect, full of life and handsome as in the old days. Larry drew a breath of pleased surprise; but Peters gave him no time for any questions.

'Here you are,' he called. 'Better jump on and get out there in a hurry. I heard Burns say in town yesterday that he was going out there with a horse to-day. You'll have to hurry to beat him.'

'All right, Peters,' answered Larry, taking his place in the saddle. 'I'm ever so much obliged to you. And say, Peters, I think I'll hire you to be my hostler all the time! You have made a wonderful improvement in Buckeye by just putting saddle and bridle on him,' and with the words he was off.

Peters looked after him a moment. Then, with a grin, he began his walk home. 'My, how innocent that boy is!' he exclaimed. 'But it will not do him any harm, and I'll be much surprised if he doesn't come walking in with one hundred and fifty in his pocket to-night.'

Robert Winfield, or 'Old Bob,' as he was known throughout several counties, was a crusty old fellow of nearly eighty years. He had made a comfortable fortune out of the lumbering business, and was now spending his last years in his magnificent residence overlooking the river. Though rough of exterior and of unusually few words, he was kind of heart and generous in his dealings with other men.

As Larry Hanson trotted up on the beautiful Buckeye, Old Bob gazed at them with

admiration, especially since he was on the lookout for a horse for his daughter.

'Good morning, Mr. Winfield,' said Larry, dismounting. 'I am Larry Hanson, of Twenty-four Rood. I am told that you are wanting a horse, and I ventured to offer Buckeye here. He's not a very good horse, but he may suit you.'

'Hum!' thought Old Bob, 'modest. Fine horse; nice bay, too. Hum!' and he watched the animal closely as his owner walked him about.

At last he made up his mind. 'Worth two hundred, if a cent,' he thought. 'I'll offer one ninety,' and he spoke to Larry.

'No, ain't much, but suits me. Will one ninety do?'

Larry was overcome with joyful astonishment. One hundred and ninety dollars! Why, that would pay his expenses for eight months at the academy! Would it do? But, in a measure controlling his elation before the sharp-eyed old man, he managed to reply:—

'Yes, sir; that is really a little more than I had expected to get for him.'

'Oh, 'tis? Well, he's worth two hundred. Take off his saddle, put him in the barn, and I'll go to the house after the two hundred!'

Hardly able to realize his good fortune, Larry unsaddled the horse and led him into the stable. Still in an excited bewilderment, he received the large roll of bills from the satisfied purchaser, mumbled his thanks, shouldered the saddle, and started on his eight-mile tramp.

During more than half his walk, Larry could dwell on nothing but his great success. Buckeye had proved his last hope after all, and he had been worthy of all possible expectatiins. Two hundred dollars! The boy could hardly keep from shouting his good news across the uncleared fields.

At length, however, his thoughts became calmer, and he began to try to figure out just how it had all happened.

'Wasn't it wonderful how well Buckeye looked and acted this morning?' he thought. 'I felt as though I wanted to keep him in spite of wanting to go to college. It was different last night, though. Even I didn't think he was worth two hundred dollars at that time. I wonder why Peters offered only twenty-five. I never knew hom to take advantage of me in any way before. And everybody thinks he's an honest horse-trader, anyway. Well, I declare!'

With a cry of dismay, he stopped short and sat down by the side of the road. A new thought had come to him.

'I just now remember what Jim Foster told me at the big store last spring. He said that the only thing he knew against Peters was that he would sometimes "dope" a horse to make him look well until he was sold. I believe that's what he did to Buckeye. He had a good chance while I was in the house. Yes, that's what he did, because he and I have been such good friends. And to-morrow the effect of the medicine will all have passed off, and Old Bob will know I cheated him!'

But what was to be done? Was Larry to blame for the deception? Then came a big temptation to the young man. Why should he not keep the money? Old Bob seldom came over in this part of the country, and even if he did, he would be too ashamed of being beaten in the transaction to mention it to anyone, surely. And Buckeye was his last hope!

But Larry's hesitation was only for a little time. He thought again of his conversation with Mr. Larson at the big store, and of his resolution, 'To treat other people as I should like to have them treat me.' That would be a pretty way to go about it, wouldn't it?' he asked himself in scorn.

That finished the matter. With a sigh over the departed hopes, and regardless of the fact that he was six miles from Old Bob's house, Larry put the saddle behind some brush near the road, and began to retrace his steps.

That was a hard walk, not only because he was already tired with his tramp beneath the saddle, but also because of his disappointment. But his determination to keep his resolution never wavered, and it was with no hesitation that he approached Old Bob once more.

His customer looked at him in great surprise. 'Didn't pay enough, I guess,' he just thought.

But Larry spoke at once. 'Mr. Winfield, I am sorry to tell you that I cheated you in selling you that horse. I didn't do it intentionally, but since I left you I have decided that Buckeye was doctored in my temporary absence this morning. He had a bad case of heaves, and is not worth fifty dollars. It took me until I got nearly home to figure out how he behaved so much better this morning than usual. Now, I know he was "doped."'

Old Bob looked at him in growing displeasure, and then in some sympathy. 'Honest, sure enough,' he thought. 'But I don't want the heaves in my stable. I'll see the boy doesn't suffer for his honesty, though.' But all he said to Larry was:

'Hum! Well, you'll find your horse in the stable,' and he reached out his hand for the roll of bills.

With a feeling of sorrow at his loss and of half-anger at this silent man, Larry handed over the money, entered the stable, slipped on the bridle, leaped on Buckeye's back, and without a word rode bareback from the yard.

Though he had kept his resolution, Larry's disappointment was keen, and for several days he was content to do the work about the farm without attempting to make other plans, or caring to go down to the post-office to meet Peters. On the fourth day, however, Tom was busy and sent him in for the mail and groceries.

When he reached the settlement, he was surprised to find that his coming excited more interest than usual. He was not long kept in ignorance of the cause, however. Peters, the horse-trader, saw him from a distance and called:

'Well, Larry, you're a fool, but Old Bob thinks you are all right. Says you are the only honest man in Wood County!'

Larry did not know what to make of this, but in a moment several other men approached him, and clapped him on the shoulder, as they exclaimed:

'Yes, old Buckeye has the heaves, but you are all right, Larry. Ought to hear what Old Bob says about you.'

Just then the postmaster called to him from the front of the store:—

'Say, Larry, old man Larson, down at the big store, said he wanted to see you as soon as you came to town. Right away, dy'e hear? Maybe he's going to give a job to "the only honest man in Wood County!"' and he gave a hearty laugh.

Larry did not know what to make of it all. The surprises came too fast for him, and before he had them untangled, he found himself in Mr. Larson's private office.

'How are you, Larry? Yes, I wanted to speak to you a minute. I believe you want to go to college, don't you? I thought so. Well, you and I don't agree about Sunday work, but we do agree about keeping good resolutions. Now, my father-in-law, Bob Winfield—how's that? Oh, yes; he's my father-in-law. I must have been married before you came to this country. Old Bob told me about his narrow escape from you the other day, and I think you are too dangerous a personage to be outside of college! I'm going to let you have enough to pay your expenses for five years, and you will repay me when you get ready. Do you understand? Oh, that is all right. You'll do to help, I think. Let me know when you get ready to leave, and I'll give you your first year's allowance. That is all. No thanks, I tell you!' And he opened the door and put the bewildered Larry outside.

The young man walked up the street in supreme content. 'Well!' he exclaimed to himself, 'Buckeye was my last hope, after all my adventures. And, besides, I have kept my resolutions.'

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The Canadian Government and Dumping—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Growing Strength of the Reciprocity Movement in Massachusetts—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Mr. Roosevelt—From an English Point of View—The 'Spectator,' London.
Crisis Averted by the Czar—The 'Sun,' New York.
Japan Fights only for Peace in Asia—The New York 'Times.
Japs Lost the Best Chance—Port Arthur Could have been taken in February—The 'Sun,' New York.
Degeneracy of the German Army—Is the Kaiser Preparing for another Jena?—Wolf von Schierbrand, in the 'North American Review.'
Our Future in Tibet—The 'Spectator,' London.
The Rigors of Marching in Tibet—By the Correspondent of the 'Times of India.'
The Cinque Ports—Installation of Lord Warden—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Commercial Morality—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Rival Orators—Mr. Chamberlain and the Sparrows—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
For Clean Athletics—'The Tribune,' New York.
Bishop Huntington—The 'Outlook,' New York.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

G. F. W.—Poem, by G. A. J. C., in the 'Spectator,' London.
Little Holland House—The Home of Watts—The 'Scotsman,' Edinburgh.
The Greatness of Watts—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Speaker,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

From the 'Voice of the Sequoia'—Poem, by John Vance Cheney, in the 'Atlantic Monthly,' Boston.
Nathaniel Hawthorne—The 'Standard,' London.
An Emperor of Shadows—One Idea of Hawthorne—By Benjamin de Casseres, in the 'Critic,' New York.
Warnings to Publishers—The New York 'Tribune.'
'They'—Have we a New Kipling?—The Springfield 'Republican': New York 'Evening Post.'
The Broken Sword of Ulster—The 'Irish Times,' Dublin.
In Search of a Living The 'Westminster Budget.'
Wolfe and Montcalm—Major Wood's New Book on the 'Fight for Canada.'—New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
Eschatology and St. Paul—by D. C. Lathbury, late Editor of the 'Pilot, in the 'Speaker,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

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Egg Hunting in India.

(E. H. Lougher, in 'Morning Star.')

The native Indian servants are jewels, not all of them polished though. We would have a hard time of it in the country without them, and they have a hard time with us, I expect. For, 'Why should the Sahib make such a fuss over one little saw being lost? To be sure he can't get another like it in the country, but then, there will be new missionaries coming out in a year or two, and he can get one easy enough then:' or, 'Just because I slept too late when the Sahib wanted to go to the train. Yes, he did have to carry his own things, and hunt round in the village for a man to help him, but what is a man to do when he has no windows in his house and don't wake up?'

Says the cook: 'Yes, I did wipe the stove with the dish towels, but the dhoba is going to wash them anyway, and if they are just a little blacker, why he will get them clean somehow, and why should the Mem worry?' I know I did forget to put any sugar in the pudding, but I should think they could put it on with a spoon at the table just as well.'

So you see the poor fellows do have their 'Kosta' and don't see why notice should be taken of such trifles.

There's my sweeper, too. Never told you about him, did I? Well, he is the crown jewel. When I want him to do anything I always tell him three times, and every time he says 'Haw, haw,' (Open your mouth and say it through your nose with all your force and you will have it to perfection). Well, he says that, and starts off, only to return in a couple of minutes to ask it all over again, so as to be sure of two things, first, that he has understood it right, and second, to ask if he is to do it now. He is cute about some things however, one of which is getting and keeping the eggs our hens lay.

A while ago Miss Scott was going away for a few days and we had to take her hens. They were laying eight eggs a day. I expressed my doubt as to their laying at my house for my sweeper the hens 'never give an egg.' I have often discussed the matter with him, telling him that it must be the climate in my chicken yard doesn't agree with the hens. It is one of the best however.

Well, the hens came and the eggs stopped. In about a week I asked about it. 'Never an egg, Sahib, never an egg,' was his reply. That afternoon I happened to be in the hen house hunting for a piece of board and there found two nice, fresh eggs. I kept the place in sight, as it was near closing-up time, and Mungerli locked up as usual, then early in the morning I was up when he unlocked, so when he did not notice I slipped in and of course the eggs were minus. At noon I called him up where some of the men were working, so I could make the effect of his punishment felt on the others. I said, 'Well, what about eggs to-day?' Bracing himself up with a respectful air, he replied, 'I have said, sir, that I never find one, but if I ever should, you shall have it at once.'

'Now, Mungerli, why do you lie to me? You know you are getting eggs and taking them home or selling them to the Mem Sahib' (my wife).

'Oh, sir, bring out the Bible, bring out the Bible, and I will put my hand on it and swear that I never saw or took an egg.'

'Now, see here, man, you are a Hindu, and you don't know anything about what you are saying. I know you took the eggs, for yesterday I saw two. You locked the house and opened it and I saw that the eggs were gone.' Off he rushed, ostensibly to look for the eggs, and soon he returned, his face wreathed in one large radiant smile. 'Oh, sir, I have it. The crows you

Two Boys—Two Men.

(Kate Tannatt Woods, in 'Our Little Folks.')

Two boys were travelling over a hill,
And they sang as they went, 'Yee-hover,
Life is jolly, we'll both get rich,
And then we will live in clover.'

One boy sang, as he went on his way,
'I can't,' and 'I won't,' and 'I sha'n't, sir;'
And the other, he carolled a better lay,
'I'll try,' and 'I'll hope,' and 'I will, sir.'

So both trudged on and grew to be men,
And they sing no more, 'Yee-hover,'
For 'I can't' is a drunkard, gaunt and grim,
And 'I'll try' is living in clover.

know, are great thieves and they went into the house and stole the eggs.'

'Yes, Mungeril, I know the crows are great thieves, but who ever heard of a crow coming in the night and breaking into a hen house? I think you will have to sit up to-night and watch for that crow. I don't think you will find any feathers on him. No, that excuse won't do, you will have to find a better one.' Greatly excited, he rushed away again, and in a short time he came back with two eggs, and said, 'You know, sir, that in this country the hens sometimes bury their eggs, and I found these buried beneath the nest.'

'Oh, yes, I see,' said I, 'but there is one thing I don't understand. You got these eggs in the room next to the hen house. Now you just explain to us men how those hens broke out in the night, and did they carry the eggs on their backs, or what? Now, see here, you stole those eggs and you are no longer my servant until you fully confess the whole matter.' Then for about three hours he tried to get me to accept his confession in about this way: 'If you say I am guilty, then I am, for you never told a lie.' Afterwards he confessed the whole matter in tears and loud wailing at my feet.

'You have confessed to stealing my eggs now I must have two eggs every day or you will be charged the price of them.' 'But, but, Sahib, if they don't give them?'

'That is your burden. You have been dishonest, and now I must have the eggs.'

This is the reason why we had two eggs a day for a long time. They never increased, however, and after a time they stopped, and now I will have to catch him again some day.

'Oh, the white man's burden
And the black man's care.'

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The Fox and the Goat.

A Fable.

Do you know what a fable is? The word is sometimes used to mean a falsehood or untruth, but it has another and a better meaning—a short story that is intended to teach some good lesson.

Once a fox and a goat were walking together along a road and saw a sack lying against a hedge.

'What do you think is inside that sack?' said the goat.

'I will go and see,' replied the fox; and, putting his nose into the mouth of the bag, tied tightly by a cord, he shook the bag about so much that the string at last gave way, and the finest carrots one could wish for fell out.

'They are for me,' said the fox, 'for I opened the sack.'

'Yes,' said the goat, 'but I gave you the idea, and if you touch them I will tear your sides with my horns.'

The fox looked at the goat's great horns and showed his teeth.

The goat, on seeing the fox's teeth, thought within herself, 'I don't much like that kind of weapon.'

And the fox said to himself, 'I will not expose my sides to those terrible horns.'

After a minute's silence, the fox said: 'Why do we stand looking at each other? What is the use of that? Let us see which is the stronger. See, there are two heaps of stones. You shall take one and I the other. He who shall first throw down his heap shall eat the carrots.'

'Very well,' said the goat. So they went to their heaps of stones.

The goat put her legs firmly together and struck with her horns so hard as to make a great noise, but the heap did not shake.

'Ah, you did not hit hard enough, said the fox.

The goat went three steps backward and ran at the heap with all her might. But, crack! her horns broke!

When the fox saw that he began to skip about. 'Oh, my dear friend, the carrots belong to me now!'

'Not yet,' said the goat; 'you have not succeeded in your task yet. If you touch the carrots I will tear your sides with the stump of my horns.'

The fox looked at the goat and said to himself: 'She has one left still which is almost whole; she will tear my sides with it.'

'Well,' said he, 'I will knock down my heap, then; it is nothing for me.'

The fox began to dig with his forepaw until he had made a great hole in the ground close to the heap. The stones soon fell into the hole; but, alas, they fell on the fox and broke his left paw.

Then the two looked at one another—the one with the broken horns, and the other with his broken paw.

'Run after the carrots,' said the goat, with a sneer. "I will give them to you.'

'I cannot,' answered the fox; 'my paw hurts too much. Take them yourself.'

'That is just what I am going to do,' said the goat, and she ran for the sack; but neither bag nor carrots were to be seen; while they were disputing, a man had come along and carried all away.

'Alas!' cried the goat, 'how stupid we have been! If we had divided the treasure we should have kept whole—I my horns, you your paw, and each of us would have had more carrots than we could eat.'
—'Ram's Horn.'

Little Mary's Faith.

At a time of long-continued drought, several farmers agreed to hold a special meeting to pray for rain. When the appointed time came, the clergyman was surprised to see one of his little Sunday-school children bringing a large umbrella, and asked her why she did so on such a lovely morning. The child gazed at him with evident surprise at the enquiry, and replied, 'Why, sir, I thought as we are going to pray to God for rain, I'd be sure to want the umbrella!'

Said Rogue to Honesty, 'To thrive
A man must cheat—we've got to live!'
Said Honesty, with searching eye,
'Not so, my friend—we've got to die!'
—Marie Young.

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 21.

Elijah on Mount Carmel.

I. Kings xviii., 30-46.

Golden Text.

If the Lord be God, follow him.' I. Kings xviii., 21.

Home Readings.

Monday, Aug. 15.—I. Kings xviii., 20-29.
Tuesday, Aug. 16.—I. Kings xviii., 30-46.
Wednesday, Aug. 17.—Lev. ix., 5-7, 22-24.
Thursday, Aug. 18.—I. Chron. xxi., 18-27.
Friday, Aug. 19.—II. Kings x., 18-28.
Saturday, Aug. 20.—Micah iii., 1-12.
Sunday, Aug. 21.—Josh. xxiv., 14-25.

30. And Elijah said unto all the people, Come near unto me. And all the people came near unto him. And he repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down.

31. And Elijah took twelve stones, according to the number of the tribes of the sons of Jacob, unto whom the word of the Lord came, saying, Israel shall be thy name.

32. And with the stones he built an altar in the name of the Lord: and he made a trench about the altar, as great as would contain two measures of seed.

33. And he put the wood in order, and cut the bullock in pieces, and laid him on the wood, and said, Fill four barrels with water, and pour it on the burnt sacrifice, and on the wood.

34. And he said, Do it the second time. And they did it the second time. And he said, Do it the third time. And they did it the third time.

35. And the water ran round about the altar; and he filled the trench also with water.

36. And it came to pass at the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that Elijah the prophet came near, and said, Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word.

37. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again.

38. Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench.

39. And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces: and they said, The Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God.

40. And Elijah said unto them, Take the prophets of Baal; let not one of them escape. And they took them: And Elijah brought them down to the brook Kishon, and slew them there.

41. And Elijah said unto Ahab, Get thee up, eat and drink; for there is a sound of abundance of rain.

42. So Ahab went up to eat and to drink. And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees,

43. And said to his servant, Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing. And he said, Go again seven times.

44. And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. And he said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not.

45. And it came to pass in the meanwhile that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain. And Ahab rode, and went to Jezreel.

46. And the hand of the Lord was on Elijah; and he girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

In James v. we read, 'The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain: and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit.'

One of the most helpful things about these lessons on Elijah is the fact that 'he was a man subject to like passions as we are,' so that his success was not due to anything unusual in his abilities. Elijah's strength lay in his hold on the power of God through prayer. James cites him as an example of what is within reach of every Christian who prays earnestly and in faith.

In this lesson we have a great triumph in the career of Elijah and a crisis in that of Israel. The day of decision has come, and the prophet boldly challenges the prophets of Baal to prove the worth of their god.

Mount Carmel is on the west side of Palestine, near the sea coast. To this day traditions and customs associated with the name of Elijah cling to this mountain. The Carmelite friars, who have a convent on the mountain, trace the history of their order to Elijah.

In the verses following the last lesson we have the account of the meeting between Elijah and Ahab, of the gathering of Israel to Mount Carmel, of the summoning of the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal and the four hundred 'prophets of the groves' which ate at Jezebel's table.

When the people assembled Elijah demanded why they halted between God and Baal. He then asked that two bullocks be given, one to him and the other to the prophets of Baal. Each was to be prepared and laid on an altar, but no fire was to be applied.

The prophets of Baal were then to call upon Baal, and Elijah would call upon God, to send fire to consume the sacrifice. The God that answered by fire was to be the accepted God. The people agreed to this trial.

Read the verses preceding the lesson to see how frantic the prophets of Baal were and how Elijah mocked them. No answer came to their appeals uttered during the whole day, and when the time of the evening sacrifice came, and Baal had not responded, then Elijah prepared to call upon his God, and here our lesson opens.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Elijah Repairs the Altar. 30-32. 'And Elijah took twelve stones, according to the number of the tribes of the sons of Jacob.'

The isolation and nature of Mount Carmel seem to have made it a very suitable place for religious worship. Before the time of Elijah there seem to have been altars upon it, one at least erected to Jehovah. But this has been overthrown, for the people of the northern kingdom, as a nation, have turned to Baal.

At the very beginning of his part in the great trial on Mount Carmel, and of the revival of religion, as we might say, which followed it, Elijah repairs the altar of God.

This was the place to begin for a backslidden people, and it is the place for a wayward individual. If you know, down in your own heart, that you have been wandering after the gods of this world, do not make the mistake of trying to reform by mere good resolutions, by trying some different mode of life, by promising some friend to do better. Your chance of success is small if you do.

Repair that broken down altar in your heart the first thing. The great watchword of the remarkable Torrey-Alexander meetings in Great Britain has been, 'Get Right with God.' A reform that leaves out God, whether in the life of a community or that of a single person, is doomed to failure.

Notice the number of stones, twelve, one for each tribe of the Jews, though Elijah was dealing with only ten tribes. But in the mind of God the Jews were one people. Politically they might be two kingdoms, but before God they were the one chosen people. God forgets neither promise nor purpose. He stands ready to wipe out old scores, to accept you anew, as before your separation, if you come through his Son.

The Sacrifice Prepared. 33-35. 'And the water ran about the altar.'

Notice in these verses how bold Elijah was to prove that there could be no imposture. In addition to restoring the altar he placed a trench about it, and when the bullock was laid on the wood, he had twelve barrels, or water jars, of water emptied upon it, so that the sacrifice was drenched and the trench filled.

The Answer by Fire. 36-39. 'Then the fire of the Lord fell.'

All day the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal had frantically called on their idol for the consuming fire. In their frenzy they gashed themselves with knives. How calm and dignified the actions and words of Elijah are in contrast!

At the time of the evening sacrifice, bringing to the minds of the people their neglect of the true worship, Elijah called upon God to declare himself. He also prayed that the Lord would show that Elijah had been obeying his word in doing as he did, and that the people might know that it was God and that he had turned their heart back. The prayer was brief and simple, but most earnest and direct.

Then came the answer. The fire fell and consumed sacrifice, altar, water and all. It was miraculous in its coming, and miraculous in what it did.

'The Lord, he is the God.' The effect on the waiting people was seen at once, for a mighty shout arose in acknowledgement of their God and Elijah's. The trial was over. Ahab, the four hundred and fifty false prophets, and the heathen god Baal were on one side, while the true God and his faithful witness were on the other. But 'one with God is a majority.'

The False Prophets Punished. 40. 'Let not one of them escape.'

The scene of the great test of religions closes in an act of judgment. Having been proven to be false, and evil leaders of the people, the prophets of Baal are led away from the altar and slain at the brook Kishon. This not only delivered the people from these fanatical false prophets, but their death, following close upon God's revelation of his power, must have had a great influence.

The Welcome Rain. 41-46. 'And there was a great rain.'

Elijah bade the king eat and drink, for there was 'a sound of abundance of rain,' possibly the rising wind in the forests of Mount Carmel foretold the change in the weather. A feast usually followed a sacrifice, and the near end of the drought would make this a time of rejoicing.

But Elijah went to the top of the mountain and cast himself down on the earth to pray. (See James v., 17, 18). Presently he sent his servant to look toward the sea. He saw nothing, but was sent seven times, and when he returned the last time it was to report a cloud rising from the sea, 'like a man's hand.'

Then the servant was sent to Ahab to urge him to leave at once, so that he would not be stopped by the rain. Then the king obeyed, and rode to Jezreel. Elijah following the leading of God ran before to the entrance of the city. Perhaps this was a sign of his respect to the king, or it may have been to encourage any feelings of true repentance and desire for reform in Ahab's heart, by the presence of one who could counsel and direct him. But at the entrance to Jezreel Elijah left the king.

The lesson for August 28 is, 'Elijah Discouraged.' I. Kings xix., 1-8.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Aug. 21.—Topic—Standing alone for God. Rom. viii., 31-39.

Junior C. E. Topic.

OUR MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

Monday, Aug. 15.—Go. Matt. xxviii., 19.
Tuesday, Aug. 16.—'As ye go, preach.' Matt. x., 7.
Wednesday, Aug. 17.—'Sow beside all waters.' Isa. xxxii., 20.
Thursday, Aug. 18.—Teaching them. Matt. xxviii., 20.
Friday, Aug. 19.—Speak God's word. Ezek. ii., 7.
Saturday, Aug. 20.—Not afraid. Acts xviii., 9, 10.
Sunday, Aug. 21.—Topic—What our missionaries are doing for China. Matt. ix., 38.

Temperance

Who Carries on the Business.

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his majesty through.
There isn't a point from his cloven feet, or a fiery dart from his bow,
To be found on earth or air to-day, for the world has voted it so;
But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year with two hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell?
If the devil isn't, and never was, will somebody rise and tell?
Who dogs the steps of the toiling Saint, and digs the pit for his feet?
Who sows the tares on the field of time wherever God sows His wheat?
The devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true?
But who is doing the kind of work that the devil alone should do?
We are told that he does not go about 'like a roaring lion now,'
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row?
To be heard in home, and church, and state, to the earth's remotest bound,
If the devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?
Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make his bow and show,
How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring up? we want to know.
The devil was fairly voted out, and of course the devil's gone;
But we simply would like to know who carries this business on?

—Published by the Society of Temperance Ironsides.

Drink Bill Facts.

It is estimated that the £170,000,000 odd, the total of Great Britain's drink bill for the past year, if reckoned by weight would mean 1,366 tons of gold. The sovereigns laid edge to edge would cover twenty acres. The length of the sovereigns if spread into a line would be 162 miles. To count this sum, at the rate of a sovereign a second, would occupy six years and five months, Sundays excepted.

When Dr. Nansen had an expedition in view he dispensed with tobacco and all forms of alcohol, and with his overcoat, no matter how severe the weather might be. He was of opinion that by adopting this course he put himself into the best possible condition for withstanding cold and fatigue.

Temperance and Industry.

Discussing the prohibition by railway companies of the use of intoxicating liquor by employees the 'Iowa Prohibitionist' has some good advice for other great industrial concerns. It says:

Now that the railways have declared for industrial temperance and called out an army of 1,200,000 men to practise total abstinence let the great lesson go home to every line of labor. The black mouth of the mine into which men sink out of sight of sunshine, away from all that binds them to earth, is not so dark and dangerous as the bottle that blasts soul and body.

The curse of the coal mines is not chiefly air damp, or blast, or caving rocks and earth, but the saloons that flourish on miner's wages. If the drink curse could be crowded back twenty miles from the shaft, clean children, hopeful wives and mothers surrounded with comforts would welcome the miner after his hours of dangerous toil.

Lives blasted in our lake marine service might be saved by this temperance plan. Let all the great industrial interests rise against the saloon curse.—'Pioneer.'

Could there be a more effective 'next step' than placing on billboards, in attractive colors and in striking places, illustrations of the homes, business, friends, families, clothes, faces (including noses), stomachs, brains and prospective futures of temperate and intemperate people? I am afraid our 'friends of the saloon' do not think more frequently than they attend church. Were there such illustrations, so large and so conspicuous that all drinking men could see them, some people who have been sleeping would awaken.—N. W. Gray.

His First Patient.

(J. H. Hanmer Quail, in the 'Alliance News.')

'Two ten-pound notes and the last! The miserable old wretch to cut me off in this way!'

Gerald Chesterton's brow contracted. Deep furrows appeared where an instant before there had been the smoothness of a manly brow which still wore the print and freshness of youth.

A letter which he had just received had discomposed him. His hands trembled, and a look of pain came over his face. Slowly, as he stood, holding the letter in his left hand and the two ten-pound notes in his right hand, the look of pain changed to one of unutterable disgust.

Folding the two notes carefully, he thrust them into his breast pocket, and then looked again at the letter.

'Ah, well; if that's to be the last it shall be, but I will shake him at the finish,' he soliloquized as he crushed the letter up and then he thrust it into a drawer. Walking to the end of the surgery, where the drugs were kept, he took down a stoppered bottle containing a substance in round, white sticks. Taking the stopper from the bottle, he jerked one of the white sticks out on the palm of his left hand, and then set the bottle down. With his knife, he chipped off from the stick three pieces, each about as large as a bean. Taking a small pill-box from a drawer, he placed the pieces which he had broken off the stick in the box and put the lid on very carefully. Then he replaced the bottle on the shelf.

'That will do. Each of those pieces would kill any man. If that money is the last, and things don't mend, well, there will be a sensation for Uncle Tom,' he said, thinking audibly.

It was eight o'clock. There had been many callers through the day, but not a soul wanting his professional help; not one paying patient. He had not been outside the door. He had been burning to run round to the White Hart for some brandy, but he had not a penny, and he owed Noah Garsby, the proprietor, nearly three pounds. Now he had money. He had the two ten-pound notes which his uncle had sent him. They were to be the last, but that did not matter. His hand rose to his waistcoat pocket, and he pressed the little pill-box which contained the three pieces of the white substance taken from the bottle.

He would have to change one of the notes, and who would oblige him so readily as Noah Gadsby, providing that Noah were allowed to take out of the money the sum due himself.

In business matters, Gerald Chesterton was the soul of honor, and when he had money, paid every man his due. The knowledge that he owed Noah Gadsby nearly three pounds for brandy and whiskey was a strong reason why he should hasten to the White Hart, pay Noah that which he owed him, and get the brandy for which he had been longing all day.

'I shall be back in half an hour, Mrs. Bradwell,' he called to the housekeeper as he put on his overcoat in the hall.

In a moment the door closed behind him, and he was on the way to the White Hart.

The sound of a drum came from a road a short distance in front of him, on the right. It was the road in which the White Hart stood. The sounds of brass instruments came on the night air. A band was coming along the road on the right. It would meet him.

As Gerald reached the corner to turn into the road in which the White Hart stood a band attended by a crowd of people was approaching. At the head of the crowd was carried the blood-red flag of the Salvation Army. As the crowd turned into his own road, women's voices broke forth in song. Gerald stopped. He could hear every word of the song. The clear tones of the voices, mellow and sweet in the open air, arrested him. There was a chorus to the song:

'Now, none but Christ can satisfy;
None other name for me.
There's love and life and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee.'

Gerald was listening to the song when a light cart was driven rapidly towards the people. Turning the corner quickly, the horse narrowly missed dashing into the stragglers who were following the band. Screams of terror rose above the sounds of the singing, and there was a rush for the sidewalk. In an instant there rang out a louder scream. A boy, who had darted across the road, had been knocked down by the horse. Another piercing cry rose on the night air. A wheel of the cart had passed over the boy's legs, and he lay in the road writhing with pain.

'Help, help!'

'Boy run over!'

'Police! Police!'

'Bring the ambulance!'

'Where's a doctor?'

'Help! He's lying in the road. He's almost killed.'

A babel of cries rose from the crowd. The band halted. The singing stopped. The people hastened back to where the boy lay.

'Make way there, make way,' said a clear and authoritative voice. A young man was trying to reach the spot where the boy lay on the road.

'It's the doctor. Make way for the doctor. Make way!' rose the cries, as Gerald Chesterton pressed his way through the crowd.

'Stand back! Clear a way! It's the doctor! Stand back!' rose the cries again.

When Gerald reached the inner circle, the boy lay still and motionless. He had fainted.

Quickly, yet with the tenderness of a woman, Gerald's fingers passed over the boy's limbs. Both of his legs were broken. It was a bad case.

'Will somebody summon the ambulance?' Gerald said calmly, then, taking off his top-coat, he folded it and laid it by the boy. Willing hands gently raised the boy, and the long top-coat was passed under him. Then, by Gerald's direction, other hands grasped the coat, and the boy was gently carried to the side of the road, to await the coming of the ambulance.

It seemed to be an age in coming, and the people grew impatient. At last there rang a shrill whistle, and then the sounds of a horse galloping. In a moment the ambulance stood by the injured boy, and Gerald and another doctor were quickly and skilfully setting the broken limbs.

Another loud and shrill whistle rose on the night air. The ambulance was driven off. The crowd surged and then slowly melted away.

Having done what he could at the unexpected call of duty, Gerald Chesterton remembered that he had been on the way to the White Hart to change the ten-pound note, in order to pay his debt, and to obtain some brandy. Walking briskly, he reached the White Hart in less than a minute. Entering with a more confident and independent air than he had worn in the house for a long time, he walked to the end of the bar, where the proprietor stood.

Noah Gadsby eyed the young doctor suspiciously as he approached. He knew him well, and how it was that the old practice of Dr. Winstanley had, in the couse of two years, dwindled away and finally disappeared. Noah knew the story, how Gerald's wealthy uncle in the north had bought Dr. Winstanley's practice for his nephew; how Gerald had soon made an unenviable reputation for himself as 'the gay young doctor'; how much of his time had been spent at the White Hart, and how the wealthy uncle had provided money time after time to enable Gerald to pay his debts. But latterly, Noah had been puzzled. Gerald had not seemed as flush of money as he used to be, and he had not paid for the brandy and gin which he had had as promptly as he used to. Noah had become uneasy, and then suspicious.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

AUGUST.

1.
He knoweth the way that I take. Job xiii., 10.

2.
Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. Matt. xxi., 28.

3.
Always abounding in the work of the Lord. I. Cor. xv., 58.
Alice Gossage.

4.
God himself is with us for our captain. II. Chron. xiii., 12.

5.
Be rich in good works. I. Tim. vi., 18.
Vida May Stevenson, Johnnie Stevenson.

6.
Your work shall be rewarded. II. Chron. xv., 7.

7.
He will open unto thee his good treasure. Deut. xxviii., 12.

8.
Believe in the Lord your God so shall ye be established. II. Chron. xx., 20.

9.
As lights, holding forth the word of life. Phil. ii., 16.

10.
The entrance of thy words giveth light. Ps. cxix., 130.

11.
Deal courageously and the Lord shall be with the good. II. Chron. xix., 9.

12.
Strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him. II. Chron. xvi., 9.
Johnnie Marshall (12), Florence Chatterton.

13.
He hath made with me an everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure. II. Sam. xxii., 5.

14.
I have loved you with an everlasting love. Jer. xxxi., 3.

15.
My meditation of him shall be sweet. Ps. civ., 34.

16.
Hold thou me up and I shall be safe. Ps. cxix., 117.

17.
Consider how great things he hath done for you. I. Sam. xii., 24.

18.
Thou hast enlarged my steps under me so that my feet did not slip. II. Sam. xxii., 37.

19.
He hath made everything beautiful in his time. Ecc. iii., 11.

20.
Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of. Matt. vi., 8.

21.
God that performeth all things for me. Ps. lvii., 2.

22.
Giving thanks always for all things. Eph. v., 20.

23.
Without me ye can do nothing. Jno. xv., 5.

24.
Come unto me all ye that labor . . and I will give you rest. Matt. xi., 28.

25.
The work of righteousness shall be peace. Isa. xxxii., 17.

26.
He will ever be mindful of his covenant. Ps. cxi., 5.

27.
In quietness and confidence shall be your strength. Isa. xxx., 15.

28.
Thou gavest thy good Spirit to instruct them.

29.
Trust in him at all times, ye people. Ps. lxii., 1.

30.
The Lord will enlighten my darkness. II. Sam. xxii., 29.

31
He maketh my way perfect. II. Sam. xxii., 33.

Will those who wish their names in the October Birthday List please send them in at once.—Cor. Ed.

St. John, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly a year. I live just a few minutes' walk from the wharves, where all the river boats land. The big ocean steamers come into the harbor every day. There are eight or ten in at once sometimes. I go to the Alexandra School. We have a lovely view of the river from the schoolhouse. I am twelve years old. My birthday is on April 18. I have a sister nine years old. We have a lovely coasting place here in the winter. I like the 'Messenger' very much.

BESSIE M. W.

Harriston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the letters in the 'Messenger,' and thought I would like to write one to put in it. My father is a railway contractor. He is up in New Ontario at a place called Haileybury. I was eleven years old on April 5. I have one brother and three sisters. Our high school was burned last winter, and the high school pupils took our school. We had the school in the basement of the church building.

GLADYS C.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger.' We have been getting the 'Messenger' for a number of years, and we all like it very much. I like reading very much, and I have read 'Alice Through the Looking Glass' and 'Alice in Wonderland,' 'Alice Benson's Trials,' and a few more, and I liked them very much. I live in Toronto, and I am ten years old, my birthday being on Dominion Day, July 1. I go to school every day, and I am in the senior second book. I will write soon again, I think.

FREDA C.

Wegatchie, N.Y.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for a good many years, and we like it very much. I have four brothers and two sisters. I have a cat, and the boys have two dogs. We live near the river Oswegatchie, and there is an island near us, with high rocks on one side, and trees on the other side, where people often come to have picnics. We keep twenty-five cows and four horses. I go to school at Wegatchie. We have a very nice teacher.

INEZ J. C.

Trout River.

Dear Editor,—This is my first time writing to the 'Messenger.' Seeing there are hardly any other boys writing at all, I thought I would write. I am just eleven years old, my birthday being on July 11. I go to school every day, and study many lessons. I live about two miles from our school, and about one mile from the butter factory, and about four miles from our nearest village. I guess the boys cannot be much good for writing, or something else, because you never hardly see a boy's letter in the Correspondence. The correspondence is the best part of the paper, I think. I think skating is the best sport in winter, and baseball in the summer.

ARMOND D. C.

Waterloo, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have only taken the 'Messenger' one year. As soon as it comes I always turn to the 'Little Folks' Page' first. I like the 'Messenger' very much. We have lived in this place for seven years. I was three when we came to live here. It is quite a large place, containing five churches, eight stores, a post-office, a town hall, and two railways. The population is about seventeen hundred. In one paper I saw a letter from Hilda K. She is one of my little friends who used to live here. I go to school at the Waterloo Academy, and I am in Grade II. Model. I do not have to go very far to get to school.

FREDA R. (aged 10).

Bush Glen, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to you. I saw so many little girls writing in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write a letter, too. We have taken the 'Messenger' for one year, and we all like it very much. I am ten years old. I have only one brother, and his name is Percy. We live on a farm in Bush Glen, and milk fifteen cows. We have a dog named Shep. My brother and I go to Sunday-school every Sunday.

ADA P.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. My grandma took the 'Messenger' and the 'Witness' when my mother was a very little girl, and still takes them both. I love to go to Sunday-school very much, but I have been sick for five weeks; then, of course, I could not go. Hamilton is a beautiful city. I often go to the beach in the summer. I go in bathing sometimes. There is an incline railway to take you to the top of our mountain, also steps that you can walk up. There are 542 steps. It is lovely and cool in the hot summer. The only pets I have is an eighteen-year-old sister, and two birds named 'Goldie' and 'Daisy.' They sing sweetly. This is my first letter. My birthday is on Oct. 3. My last birthday I was eleven years old.

WILLIE J. E.

Green Bay.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and likes to hear the letters read. I am in the second book, and am nine years of age. I have a pet dog named 'Cliff,' and she is a sleigh dog. We have two colts, 'Captain' and 'Lion,' and I lead them to the water every day.

M. H. S.

Riversdale, Col. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old, and I am in the fifth book at school. I have two uncles out West, and one in Quebec, and one in Shawinigan Junction. My birthday is on June 6.

EMMA E. B. (aged 10).

Beachburg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm two miles from Beachburg. I have one sister and one brother, their names being Johnnie Edward and Ethel Gertrude. My sister fell off a waggon and broke her leg, but she is able to sit up now. I go to school every day that I can, and I like going to school very much. I am getting into the third reader soon. I like reading very much. I am a little girl twelve years old. My little sister is five years old, and her birthday comes on May 30. My brother is ten years old, and his birthday comes on July 17. I and my little brother go to the Sunday-school when we can. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.'

BERTHA MARIA A.

Port Hill, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger.' We like it very much. We receive it at our Sunday-school. We all like our teacher very much. I go to school, and I am in the fifth reader. I study grammar, geography. I am in arithmetic at vulgar fractions. I have one brother and one sister. My brother's name is William Gordon. My sister's name is Mary Louisa. They are both younger than myself.

MILDRED E. P.

HOUSEHOLD.

How to Clean a Clock.

One of my clocks began to give jerky ticks and then refused to go altogether, says a writer in 'Good Housekeeping.' I placed a cloth saturated with kerosene in the bottom of the clock, and the fumes arising loosened the dirt, oil and grit from the works, precipitating them to the bottom.

I used a clean white bit of old muslin, so when the dirt began to drop I knew it by the dirty color of the rag. I removed it and in a day of two placed another saturated rag in the bottom of the clock. The fumes this time, as the dirt had all dropped, lubricated the works, and my clock has ticked along right merrily ever since.—Exchange.

Less Work.

Household scientists have discovered that ironing is not hygienic. It is of the utmost importance that clothes should be carefully washed, and thoroughly dried in the sun, but the ironing should be dispensed with for article of underwear and bed linen. To bring them into the house, dampen and roll them, letting them lie over night and ironing them the next day, as has long been the custom, neutralizes the good work which the sun had accomplished and renders the articles more or less unfit to be worn. It will not be without a pang that the careful housewife sacrifices the beautiful smoothness to which she has been accustomed in her clothing, and even servants will object to carrying up-stairs big baskets of 'rough dry' clothes. But when we consider the immense amount of time and of strength which can be saved in this way, and especially when we are convinced that it is really the hygienic method, surely we shall all wish to give it a fair trial.—Mrs. W. E. Rankin, in 'Presbyterian.'

Some New Sandwiches.

Olive Sandwiches.—Scald and cool twelve large olives, stone them, and chop very fine. Add one teaspoonful of mayonnaise dressing, and one teaspoonful of cracker dust; mix up well, and spread on buttered bread.

Jelly Sandwiches.—Mix a cupful of quince jelly with half a cupful of finely chopped hickory or pecan nuts, and spread on buttered bread.

Beef Sandwiches.—To two parts of chopped, lean, rare beef, add one part of finely minced celery, salt, pepper, and a little made mustard. Place on a lettuce leaf between thin slices of bread and butter.

Fruit Sandwiches.—Cut equal quantities of fine fresh figs, raisins and blanched almonds very small. Moisten with orange juice, and spread on white bread and butter.

Date Sandwiches.—Wash, dry and stone the dates, mash them to a pulp, and add an equal amount of finely chopped English walnuts or pecan meats. Moisten slightly with lemon juice. Spread smoothly on thinly-sliced brown bread.

Fig Sandwiches.—Stem and chop very fine a sufficient number of figs. Add enough water to make of the consistency of marmalade, and simmer to a smooth paste. Flavor with a little lemon juice. When cool, spread on thin slices of buttered bread, and sprinkle thickly with finely chopped nuts.—'What to Eat.'

Disinfectants.

During the hot summer months there should be a judicious use of disinfectants. I say judicious because no amount of disinfectants will take the place of thorough cleanliness and plenty of fresh, pure air.

I find nothing better than lime to use in damp, moldy places, such as the cellar, cesspools, and around garbage pails. Sprinkle it around freely in such places. The walls of the cellar should be whitewashed, and a vessel of lime should always be kept there to absorb the moisture and mold germs.

Nothing is better than copperas to disinfect sinks, pipes, and water-closets. Clean out the sinks and pipes first with concentrated lye. Dissolve this in boiling water and pour into sink and pipes. This will cut the grease and other impurities that gather in such places. Then dissolve one pound of crystallized copperas in one gallon of water, and pour one quart down the pipes at a time. This should be done at least once a week in summer. Carbolic acid and chloride of lime are also excellent disinfectants for this purpose, but are disliked by many on account of their unpleasant odor. These are all poisons, and should be carefully handled.

The following solution is found satisfactory for disinfecting vessels and cloths used in the sick room where there are infectious diseases, since it leaves no stain and will not harm the most delicate fabrics: Dissolve one-half drachm of nitrate of lead in one-half pint of hot water, and a saltspoonful of salt in a pail of cold water. Mix together, and it is ready for use. This is poisonous to drink.

For fumingation nothing is better than sulphur. Close up all doors and windows and burn sulphur freely in the room.—'Housekeeper.'

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